

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF YALE'S NEW ENGLISH STROKE.—See article by W. T. Bull.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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JUN 7 1897

Next Week, "GOLF AT POSSUMVILLE."



FIRST PARADE OF THE NEW WOMAN'S SOCIETY IN POSSUMVILLE.

VENUS (in the lead)—"I ISN'T GOT NO BLOOMERS, BUT I'SE POW'FUL CLOSE TO IT."

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
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The Cuban Question.

FROM all the evidence that has been placed before the world, the Spaniards appear to be totally incapable, even when using the most obnoxious and forbidden methods of warfare, to suppress the Cuban insurgents. It appears, also, that this evidence is forcing itself upon many minds in Spain. Notwithstanding the blow to Spanish pride, there is a party there not averse to stopping this disastrous strain on Spanish resources. The Cuban cause, therefore, seems to be more hopeful than ever before.

Then, again, it is very unlikely that it will be many months before the President of the United States will acknowledge the belligerency of the insurgents. Mr. McKinley has approached this grave question cautiously and conservatively. He has sought information from all trustworthy sources, and in addition has sent a special commissioner—a man in whom he has the confidence that comes from long and intimate acquaintance—to make a special report on the condition of affairs. When this commissioner reports we feel absolutely sure that the President will see his duty clear before him.

To acknowledge the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents will provoke the Spaniards to a terrible frenzy. But that frenzy will waste itself in noisy fury. Spain will never think of making war on the United States. The Spanish nation probably includes a full quota of fools, but national folly would never go so far as to invite inevitable destruction. The talk of a European coalition against the United States and in favor of Spain is too idle to discuss.

How Commerce is Changing.

SOME months ago there was printed in LESLIE'S WEEKLY a most interesting article about the new railroad to Port Arthur on the Gulf of Mexico. The channel to Port Arthur will soon be deepened and a very important new seaport will be added, with the effect that millions of bushels of grain will go direct to the gulf and thence by ship to Europe. But while we are waiting for Port Arthur, both Galveston and New Orleans are showing remarkable increases in exports, and the other day a congress of leading representatives from the Southern and Western States met for the plain purpose of diverting the export grain trade to Southern ports, in return for which the South was to throw its business as much as possible to the West, where manufacturing and distributive operations are a great deal larger than nine out of ten suppose.

But the tendency is even more strikingly shown in the recent statistics. The inquiry that is being made on complaint of New York into the differential—the differential is two cents in favor of Philadelphia and three cents in favor of Baltimore as against New York, because they are nearer to the West—has developed the important fact that within the past few years the Northern ports—Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York—have lost thirty per cent. of the export trade, and it has all gone to the Southern ports. Newport News, which was an open field a dozen years ago, has one of the greatest ship-building plants in the world, has miles of wharves, independent lines to Europe, and it is now doing an export business of something like fifty millions a year. Charleston, South Carolina, with one of the finest harbors in the world, is about to enter the lists for export business. The completion of the Chicago canal means the larger use of the Mississippi for grain trade. You can move a ton of freight seven miles on the water for the sum it costs you to move it one mile on a railroad, and while these long water journeys would seem to increase the expense of transportation, in reality they cheapen it.

The Supplanting of Steam.

ELECTRICIANS of high professional character suggested some years ago that the electric current might drive the steam locomotive wholly out of use, but the suggestion was thought, by practical railway men, to be a mere chimera. Little by little the mystic force demonstrated its superiority over all other motive powers for town and suburban transportation, until now New York is almost the only city in America still dependent upon animal power for the greater part of its surface traffic. The trolley would long ago have superseded horse-power in New York but for the fact that public sentiment was almost unanimously against the establishment of overhead wires in a city which, after a prolonged contest, had been able to remove a vast network of wires that stretched across and along almost every street, and compel them all to be placed under ground.

The social and economic changes which the enormous development of trolley lines for suburban and inter-town traffic has produced is a fruitful subject for the students of municipal and social conditions to investigate.

Railway managers, who have no time or care for philosophic discussion, discovered that whatever changes in social conditions the trolley might cause, it was certainly becoming a dangerous competitor of the standard railways for suburban and local traffic. They have made various attempts to overcome this dangerous competition. Some have abandoned the steam locomotive on branch or suburban lines, or are preparing so to do. Others have purchased trolley lines which paralleled their own roads, and made them feeders of their main lines instead of competitors.

Every leading railway manager in the country has given heed to the many experiments that are being made testing the application of electricity to use upon standard or main lines, and while the general impression now is that the suggestion of the electricians that the electric current would supplant steam as a transportation power will, in all probability, be found sooner or later verified, yet until recently the tests have not been so satisfactory as to justify railway managers in preparing to use electricity wholly as the motive power.

A few days ago a railway connecting the cities of Hartford and New Britain, in Connecticut, began a daily service at half-hourly intervals with electrically-propelled cars, the current being delivered by means of a third rail, placed between the rails upon which the car-wheels run. The service is not experimental. It is permanent, decided upon after long and carefully-conducted tests. It is esteemed the most important advance in electric propulsion of railway-cars yet achieved. It is economical, efficient, and safe. Carelessness only will discover danger in it, but the care required for safety is simply that precaution which any sensible person takes to keep off the railway-tracks.

This new system seems to point the way to the substitution of the third-rail method upon all standard lines. Further experiment and test are needed, and will be made. If they are satisfactory, then it is reasonable to presume that within two or three years the journey from New York to Boston may be made at the rate of sixty miles an hour, in cars electrically propelled, and, as the president of a corporation owning a line between these points recently hinted, the steam locomotive may go to the scrap-iron heap.

New York's Public Library.



HERE is now every prospect that New York in the course of a few years will have what it has hitherto lacked—a public library in a proper location, and with adequate equipment as well. The metropolis has been much more poorly off for libraries than any other really large city in the country. But with the union of the resources of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries, New York should in time have one of the most splendid collections of books in the world.

The location of the new library in Bryant Square could not be better; but we are afraid that the trustees are not approaching the question of the building to be erected in a spirit liberal enough. We are told that the limit they place on the cost of the building when inviting plans is one million seven hundred thousand dollars. Of course a very effective building could be erected for that sum; but the trustees should remember that this is not the time to put up a temporary structure, a building that in twenty-five years would be inadequate. They should build once and for all time, though the amount required should be four times the sum mentioned.

New York should have the most splendid library building in the world, and mere considerations of cost should not determine the question. New York is rich, and the money can be had to do what is fit and proper. Moreover, we have architects quite competent to design a building worthy of the pride of the people of the metropolis. Looking at the matter from whatever point, considering its material as well as its aesthetic aspects, we are persuaded that nothing could be too good or too grand in the way of a library building in Bryant Square.

Le Golf.

THERE can be no longer any doubt about golf's universal conquest in the ultra-fashionable domain of sport. Paris has taken it up. The Société du Golf de Paris has been organized, with a marquis for president, and another very distinguished French gentleman as "honorary secretary." The latter appointment ought in itself to assure the success of the organization; and it may be here acknowledged, as a radical defect of Scottish and American golfing, that the important function of the honorary secretary has been hitherto grossly neglected.

The Paris golf club, as we learn from *Figaro*, is installed at the pretty suburb of Mesnil-le-Roy, where there is a level green lawn, as smooth as velvet, with a sheet of water in the middle of it. An ideal place for golfing! The dimensions, it is true, are somewhat restricted. *Figaro's* expert authority on "le sport" explains that while the regulation golf

field has eighteen *hole links*, this one gets along very well with only nine. A salaried professional, from the Royal Epping Forest, England, lives in a villa hard by, and is always on hand to help the players over difficult shots, or to replace balls lost in the lake.

At the club-house, "le five-o'clock thé" is served, and dressing-room accommodations are provided. The dressing, of course, is the great feature of le golf, as she is played in Paris. The really *chic* thing to wear is the Scottish Highlander's costume—and we all know what the continental idea of a Scottish Highlander is, from the chorus in "Lucia di Lammermoor." But this is not absolutely *de rigueur*. Some of the crack golfers of Paris prefer frock coats with full skirts, flat-brimmed cylinder hats, and white kid shoes with pointed toes. As for the ladies, many of them go out to Mesnil-le-Roy *en bicyclette*, and are all ready for the links in their white starched bloomers, sailor hats, dainty silk boots, and Suède gloves. By next season the influence of le golf will be apparent in the modes the world over.

Altogether, it is a splendid, robust out-door sport, good for the muscles and the nerves. Vive le golf!

Young Men and Marriage.

THE education of girls involves a paradox so puzzling that one does not wonder at its postponement to the nineteenth century. If your girl were surely to be married she should be definitely prepared during her earlier years for the specific duties of wifehood and motherhood. These imply a readiness to efface self and to give up one's own way and will. No man wants a strong-willed wife, and he will not take one if he knows it.

As less than three-quarters of our women marry in some of our Eastern States, however, your daughter may live single; yet, if you are not especially well-to-do, you cannot support her in idleness. You must therefore educate her so that, at the age of twenty or thereabout, she may be ready to bend her will for life to that of another, or so that she may be able to push her way in the world, relying on herself, meeting competition victoriously, and bearing bravely whatever of disappointment and defeat are in store for her. Your modern educated girl must be equally prepared for the primrose path of wealth and leisure as the wife of a millionaire, for the struggle and small economies of a poor man's spouse, for a "career" as a teacher, artist, or musician, or for the obscure and ill-paid drudgery of small wage-earning.

A girl of ten recently announced to her mother that she had always intended to be "a great geologist," but that she had now made up her mind to be married.

"But what if nobody asks you?"

"Then I shall ask somebody."

"But if somebody won't have you?"

"Then I shall ask somebody else and somebody else and somebody else, and after a while I guess I shall find somebody."

The persevering little girl happens to be a beauty, with blonde ringlets and heaven-blue eyes. Otherwise all her resolutions might be useless.

Not so with her brothers.

The boy early knows whether he has his own way to make in the world or not. He is brought up accordingly; but whether he is poor or rich, one duty should be early enjoined upon him. He should be taught that as soon as he can adequately support a wife he should get one. The proverb, "The strength of a nation is in the homes of its people," may sound sentimental, but it is nothing of the sort. It is intensely practical. In the multitude of refined and Christian homes, and there only, lies the future of our republic. The boy will be twice as good, twice as thrifty, twice as manly, if he is consistently brought up to look forward to a home and a wife and children of his own. To the deep sea with all the "bachelor apartments," and the lazy, selfish crew of silken sybarites who inhabit them! Give us simple homes, full of rosy-cheeked boys and girls, nurtured in love and honor and purity. In such homes the hyper-refined sensuousness, the nasty suggestiveness, the dangerous laxity of modern life, wither and die. Let our young men see to it that such homes are provided.

Every man must decide for himself when he is ready to assume the responsibilities of a home. By thrift and energy a bright young fellow of twenty-five or six ought to be well started in life, with a little ahead. Marriages, we are told, are likely to be the happiest if made in the early twenties. But whether sooner or later, let us have them.



—JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the veteran comedian, divides his declining years into three parts, which he spends respectively in playing *Rip Van Winkle*, lotos-eating on his Louisiana plantation, and going a-fishing with ex-President Cleveland at Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts. Recently the genial "Joe" Jefferson found time to attend the graduation exercises of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, in New York, where he talked delightfully to his young "fellow-students," as he called them. During the informal conversation that followed, one of the "sweet-girl graduates" asked, ingenuously: "In playing a legitimate part, ought the actor to maintain the traditions or create a new treatment of his own?" "That's a home thrust," answered Jefferson, smiling. "It depends entirely on the actor, and whether or not it will be possible for him to better the effect by bringing the part a little nearer to himself. One ounce of effect upon the stage is worth a pound of correctness. I know that some people will be shocked at this. 'What! Not be correct?' Yes, be correct, if you can, but not at the expense of effectiveness. What do I consider the most important qualifica-

tion for success on the stage? I should select three—sensibility, imagination, and industry. Sensibility, that I may be alive to my surroundings; imagination, that I may weave that into a graceful and interesting combination; and industry, that I may lose none of the precious moments that are given us here for the development of that faculty."

—Miss Gertrude F. Lynch has had many pleasant literary successes, but none of them probably has been so gratifying to her friends and admirers as the recent reception given to her novelette printed in this paper, "A Woman and a Girl." In this story Miss Lynch struck out an entirely new note, which she handled with masterful self-restraint. This, it must be confessed, was a great achievement in a period when every one—both



MISS GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

the grave and the gay, the serene and the tempestuous—is trying to do something new with one of the most difficult, but nevertheless one of the most attractive, forms of art. Another thing to Miss Lynch's credit is that in her next story she made no effort to do over again what she had done in the one to which we have alluded. In this she struck out on what was for her a new line, and in "Miss Chance's Progressive Dinner," which we publish in this number, we find pure comedy, which never drops into farce, even though it is mere fooling after all. Besides her gifts and accomplishments, Miss Lynch has graces of manner and beauties of person which ornament and decorate a character as solid as her native hills, and as steady as the habits of the people of her own Connecticut.

—Delicate manual skill and good taste are qualities to which many women can lay claim. Recognizing this, Miss Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff has made it her mission to spread the art of book-binding, as an interest and occupation for American women. For years women have worked in binderies as folders, stitchers, and sometimes as forwarders, but they have never undertaken more than the merely mechanical performance involved in a certain line. Miss Nordhoff teaches the art of binding a book out-and-out, from start to finish, in a practical and satisfactory manner, the material and character of embellishment used to have distinct relation to the contents of the volume. The same difference exists between a hand-bound book and an ordinary trade binding as that between sewing-machine work and work done with the fingers. Some of Miss Nordhoff's pupils mean to put their knowledge to practical use; others have taken it up as an artistic accomplishment. It promises to become fashionable. New York, Boston, and St. Louis have displayed interest in it. Many old and rare books need new binding, and many people of fastidious taste like to see their favorite volumes in distinctive garb; hence there is a market.

—Colonel Henry Walker is commander of that highly interesting Boston organization, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and Colonel Sidney Hedges is a former commander. The Ancients have not done much fighting since the close of the Revolutionary War, but it was demonstrated not long ago that the martial spirit has not left them entirely. There has been bad blood between Colonel Hedges and Colonel Walker ever since the Ancients' trip to London last summer. This grew, it is alleged, out of Colonel Walker's temerity in telling the Ancients that when the Prince of Wales arose to address them they must not forget themselves and



COLONEL HENRY WALKER.

shout: "What's the matter with the prince?" or "He's all right," and other such purely American expressions. Colonel Walker is also said to have warned the members of the company that such musical selections as "How dry I am," "He's a jolly good fellow," and "We won't go home till morning," must, for the time, be passed. Since then it is said that Colonel Hedges and Colonel Walker have not spoken except on business.

It has just been decided to elect Lieutenant Bradley captain for the next year. He, it is hoped, will heal the breach in this old organization.

—In the confusion of divided leadership that has ensued among the theosophists since the astral translation of Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley has forged so far to the front and impressed her striking personality so strongly on the followers of that cult in this part of the land as to be regarded by them as the fit and legitimate successor of the lamented high priestess. The lectures which Mrs. Tingley has recently been delivering in the East have been heard with great interest. She has enunciated the doctrines of the faith very eloquently, and made them as clear as they can possibly be to exoteric outsiders, while charming her audiences with her easy manner. Her hearers notice that physically, too, Mrs. Tingley is the proper heir of Madame Blavatsky. At the same time, in the far West, Mrs. Annie Besant and her friend and intimate, the rich Countess of Wachmeister, have been preaching with gratifying success the only simon-pure creed of theosophy. But meanwhile a Boston judge has decided that a hall used as a meeting-place by theosophists is not exempt from taxation on the ground of its being a religious edifice.

—A recent issue of the League of American Wheelmen Bulletin announced the interesting fact that John Wanamaker had joined the League of American Wheelmen, his number being well up toward one hundred and fifty thousand. A few days after this announcement Mr. Wanamaker addressed his Bethany Bible Union in strong disapproval of the use of the wheel on Sundays. "If any of you have a little steed of steel, see that it has a rest at least once a week," he is reported to have said. Almost at the same time, President Harper, of the University of Chicago, a seat of learning that owes its great prosperity to one of the most religious of laymen, was enunciating the very progressive doctrine that bicycle-riding might profitably be made a feature of the modern Sunday-school. *Quot homines, tot sententiae!* President Harper has long been a devotee of the wheel, and the report came from Chicago not long ago that he was addicted to the ram's-horn handle-bar habit. Perhaps the most distinguished recent convert to the wheel is ex-President Harrison, whom a lynx-eyed reporter saw in the act of purchasing a bicycle suit.

—Miss Francisca Alexander, queen of the Los Angeles Fiesta of 1897, is a very handsome girl of Spanish descent. She is a member of one of the best families in California. A sister of Miss Alexander is the wife of the chief justice of Arizona. Miss

MISS FRANCISCA ALEXANDER.
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Alexander is twenty-two years of age. She is very pretty, with handsome dark eyes, and her manners are extremely gracious. She is very popular. As queen she wore a very sumptuous gown of the richest brocaded satin and velvet. Her family jewels, which she wore, are very elegant, among them being a braided necklace of gold which has been in the family since the days of Isabella.

—Telford Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, is a young poet who has just been introduced to the world through the publication of "The Incas." He has had local reputation before, but now this reputation is better described by calling it local renown. His friends are immensely proud of him, but he bears his new honors modestly. His friends say he will take rank among the American poets of greatest genius. His present poem shows the work of careful historical research and a knowledge of a strange race that inhabited Peru prior to the fourteenth century. The poem is quite long, and is illustrated by full-page wood engravings. Mr. Groesbeck is a lawyer, and comes from a family of lawyers, being a son of ex-Congressman W. S. Groesbeck, a Queen City pioneer. He is of distinguished appearance, has had the advantage of a thorough education, and, being a man of wealth, has traveled extensively and spent months at a time in many foreign countries.

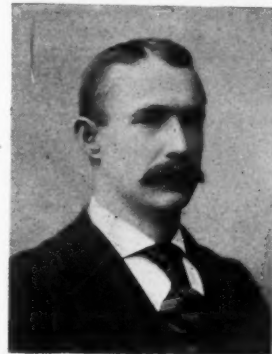


MR. TELFORD GROESBECK.

—There are some interesting features in the action of the directors of the San Francisco Mechanics' Library in excluding Mrs. Atherton's "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times" on the ground that it is an "unwholesome" book. It was in San Fran-

cisco that Mrs. Atherton passed the early days of her married life, and it was there that she made her debut with a book which, from its erotic tendencies, linked her name with that of Amélie Rives, whose fame had then just become full-blown. This romance, which is not included now in the published list of the fair author's volumes, was launched under a *nom de plume*. Perhaps the lingering recollection of it had much to do with influencing the library's decision about the comparatively harmless "Patience Sparhawk." Meanwhile Mrs. Atherton continues her extended residence in London, with more promises of success than ever. She has already made a public for herself such as she never had in this country, and publishers wait for everything she writes, but some of her compatriots in London do not seem wholly pleased with her. How otherwise are we to explain the recent remark of the London correspondent of a Chicago newspaper that she "possesses the physical charms of a five-shilling blonde doll?"

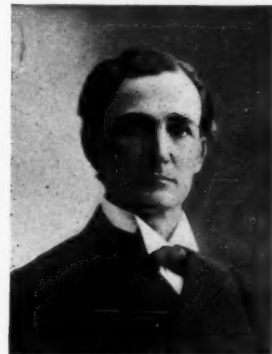
—The young man is taking a more conspicuous place in politics every year, and graybeards are scarce now in Congress.



MR. W. S. COWHERD.

One of Missouri's new representatives is W. S. Cowherd, of Kansas City. He is only thirty-seven years old now, and he was mayor of Kansas City at thirty-two. He made a lively executive for that hustling town, and under his administration municipal ownership of city water-works was brought about and a successful fight for cheap gas was started. Mr. Cowherd is a lawyer, a native of Missouri, and a graduate of the university of the State. He has held no elective office except the two named.

—Judge Page Morris, of Duluth, is one of the men who helped hold the Northwest for McKinley and sound money against renegade Republicans.



JUDGE PAGE MORRIS.

His opponent for Congress was C. A. Towne, the member from the Duluth district, who had Democrats, Populists, and silver Republicans at his back. Mr. Towne lectured in New York, recently, on bimetallism. Judge Morris won by seven hundred and seven votes in a hot contest. Thirteen years ago Judge Morris ran for Congress in his native State, Virginia, and his successful opponent was John W. Daniel, now Senator from that State. Before that time Judge Morris had taught mathematics in a Texas agricultural college. He studied law while teaching, and after six years' practice in Lynchburg, Virginia, went to Duluth, where he has been city attorney and district judge. He was a forlorn-hope nominee for Congress, and his election was due largely to personal popularity.

—Frederic de la Tour Booth-Tucker, commander of the American division of the Salvation Army, is a leader who has never shown any disposition to shirk the personal discomforts and perils incident to his aggressive modes of warfare. His New York headquarters is in the barracks in West Fourteenth Street, which thoroughfare is the main trocha marking the northern boundary of the peaceful village of Greenwich, in the old Ninth Ward. The operations of Commander Booth-Tucker in this section have been characteristically energetic, culminating recently in a pitched battle. The barracks fort withstood every assault; but the roar of battle so disturbed the boarding-



Courtesy of The Outlook.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

house people and homesteaders of the neighborhood that they appealed for a concert of the powers to intervene and stop the hostilities. The result was that Commander Booth-Tucker was summoned before the court of General Sessions, tried by jury, and—withstanding the able defense of his counsel, ex-Mayor Oakley Hall—technically convicted of maintaining a nuisance. "It does not matter," said the judge, in his charge to the jury, "whether these services of the Salvationists consisted of prayer, music, and song; if you decide that the community was disturbed you must find the defendant guilty." The jury acted accordingly; but no personal disgrace has been inflicted upon Commander Booth-Tucker, nor does the present armistice necessarily mean a check of his victorious army.



MAYOR WURSTER MAKING THE PRESENTATION SPEECH.

Saturday, the 22d of May, was a gala-day for Brooklyn. It was the occasion of the formal presentation of a rich and beautiful silver service by that good borough to the new United States cruiser named in her honor. All the features of the ceremony were auspicious and happy. The brilliant throng of citizens; the gold lace and blue uniforms of the gallant sailors; the white cruiser, superb in the sunlight, with the silver service displayed on her quarter-deck; the singing by a chorus of young women, and music by the navy-yard band; Dr. Storrs's impressive invocation, ex-Mayor Schieren's remarks on behalf of the citizens' committee, Mayor Wurster's presentation speech, and the hearty and patriotic response of Captain Cook—all combined to make the event memorable. The gift was gracefully presented, and was received in the same spirit by the *Brooklyn's* popular captain.



THE GALLANT CAPTAIN OF A GALLANT CREW.

PRESENTING THE CRUISER "BROOKLYN" WITH A SILVER SERVICE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.



Mayor Strong.

Chief Bonner.

CHIEF BONNER'S PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO HIM.



Chief Bonner. Captain Perley. Fireman Coleman.
Lieutenant Larkin. Fireman Sheridan.

THE MEDAL MEN.



PASSING THE REVIEWING-STAND.

REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The men of the fire department in New York are splendid specimens of the race. No work is too dangerous for them to undertake, whether in fighting to suppress fires, or to save imperiled lives. Each year those who have distinguished themselves by heroic acts are decorated with gold medals and presented by the mayor with the thanks of the city. We give the pictures of the four men who this year carried off the honors of the department.

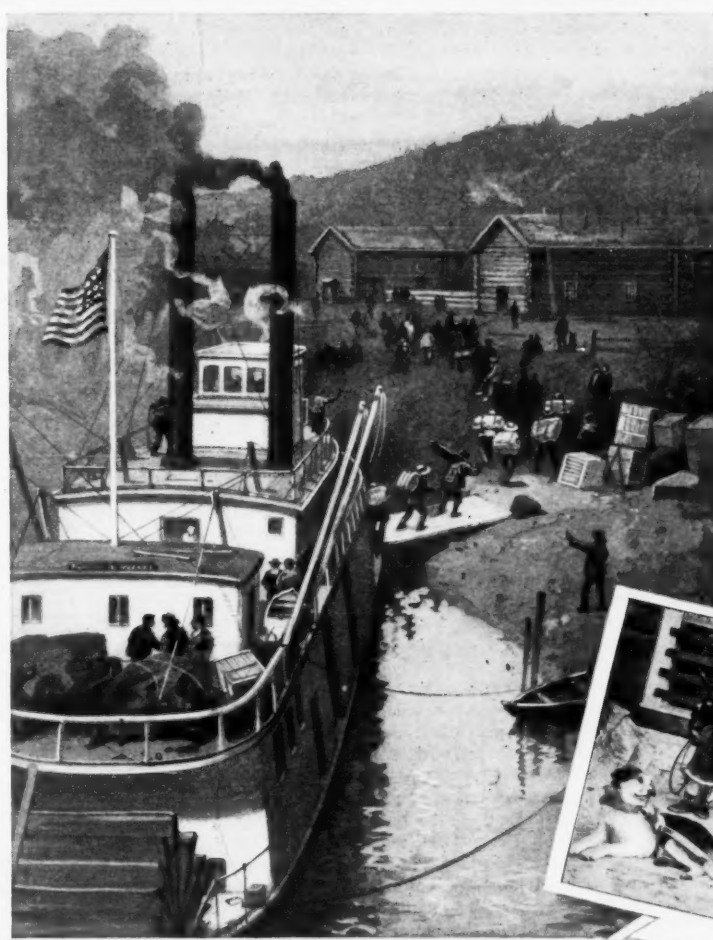
A SPRING BLIZZARD IN CHILKOOT PASS.



PLACER-MINING IN THE YUKON COUNTRY.



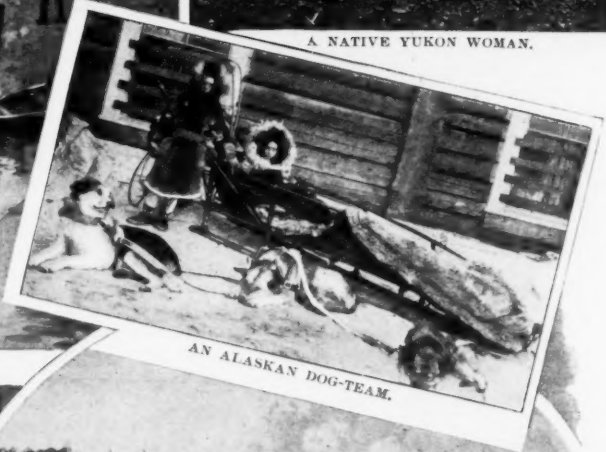
RAFTING ON LAKE BENNETT.



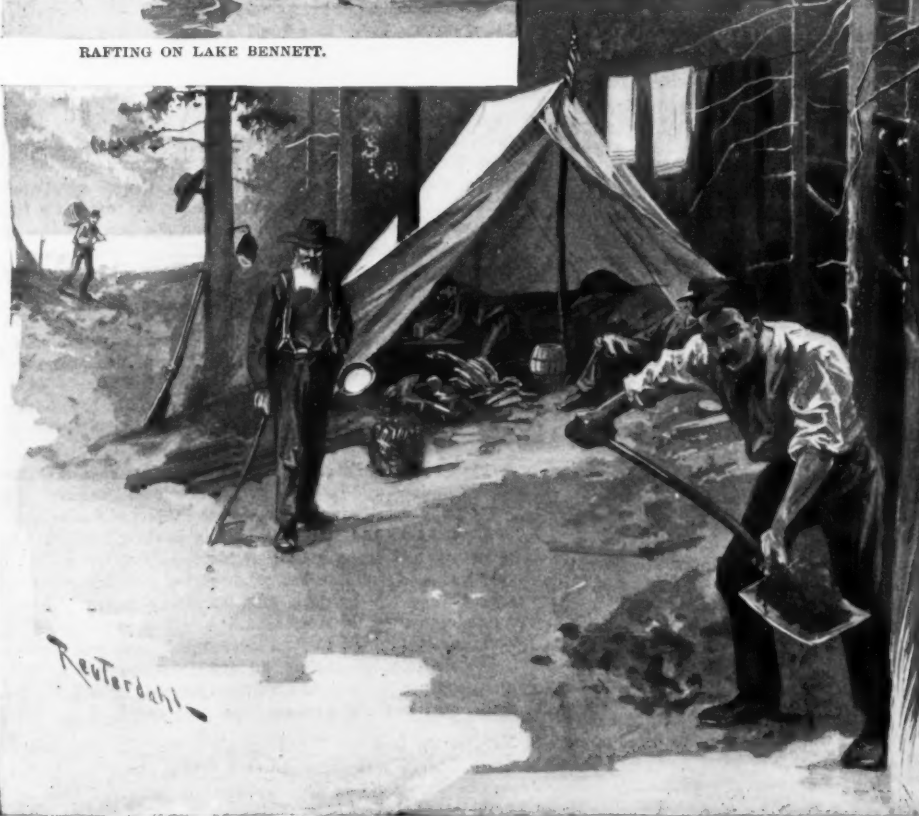
ARRIVAL OF GOLD-HUNTERS AT FORT CUDAHY.



A NATIVE YUKON WOMAN.



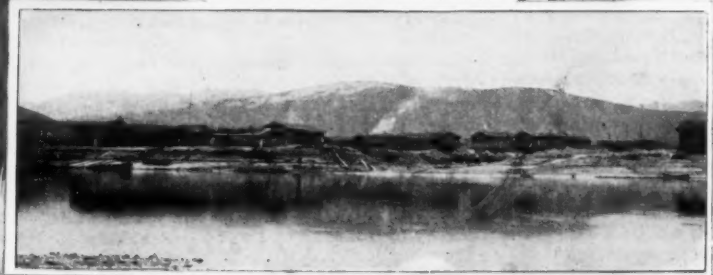
AN ALASKAN DOG-TEAM.



A YUKON MINING-CAMP.



INDIAN VILLAGE IN ALASKA.



FORTY-MILE CREEK.

THE ALASKAN GOLD-FIELDS.

THE eyes of the adventuresome gold-hunters have been turned for more than a year past to the recently-discovered gold-fields near the Yukon River in Alaska and the Mackenzie River in British Columbia. The great hinderance just now in the development of the mines in Alaska is that they are most difficult of access and that all supplies must be taken by carriers, who need to have some skill as mountain-climbers and also as voyageurs. The finds, however, that have been reported are very rich, and with gold in paying quantities at the other end of the journey men will travel it, however hard or long the road. The pictures on this page show episodes in the journey of the miners to this bleak and blustering land of promise, and somewhat also of the life that these miners lead when they reach this far northern El Dorado. It is estimated that five thousand new adventurers are in the Yukon country at this time, and many more are making the tollsome march across the country to the mines, in the face of blizzards and other sad discouragements.

MISS CHANCE'S PROGRESSIVE DINNER.

By GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

MISS CHANCE explained the situation to Mr. Brill in a few well-chosen words.

"Miss Grace leaves for her home in the country very soon—Brooklyn, Boston, or Philadelphia, I have forgotten which—and I have decided to give a farewell dinner. It is to be informal and progressive."

"Progressive?" repeated Mr. Brill, blankly.

"Yes. Oh, I forgot. You've been in mourning. Why, a progressive dinner is the very latest. It's like a card-party, where you begin at the bottom and go to the top, or vice-versa. Of course you've been to progressive card-parties?"

"I have never progressed anywhere," said Mr. Brill, "either socially or in business, but I am willing to try."

Miss Chance viewed him solemnly. They were so well acquainted that they did not think it necessary to laugh at each other's jokes. Then, after her serious scrutiny, she responded:

"It's an experience you should have at least once in your life."

"Why?"

"Because it teaches contentment; that better is a dinner of herbs where quiet reigns, than a stalled ox and perpetual motion."

The progressive dinner did not contradict this revised aphorism.

There was a noticeable air of subdued excitement about the sixteen young people who had assembled to do honor to Miss Chance's hospitality, quite different to the hungry languor with which a party usually waits the pleasing announcement that dinner is served. Some of those present, like Mr. Brill, had never attended a progressive dinner, while others, more experienced, waited with an even greater interest its probable discomfitures and possible catastrophes.

Miss Chance had spent a great deal of anxious thought in planning the arrangement of her guests. "It's not like a regular dinner," she confided to Mr. Brill in the last conference which preceded it, while she smoothed out the incipient wrinkles in her long Suède gloves, and looked reproachfully at the closed door which hid the last recreant guest. "Now, at a regular dinner you know So-and-so and So-and-so aren't friends, and you can put them at opposite sides of the table and mass the flowers in such a way that they can't glare through. How often I have done that," and she smiled in reminiscence. "That's one reason why my dinners have always been so popular. You could meet your worst enemy at my table and yet know that you would be fenced in from annoyance. But at a progressive dinner people are bound to meet, and the hostess must finesse so that the meeting will be as little explosive as possible. You could endure sitting with your last year's sweetheart during some of the short courses, but you must have the latest star in your horizon with the roast or bird."

"Why not bid only those to your feast who are congenial?" interpolated Mr. Brill, with the air of one who knows he is rushing to certain argumentative death.

"Impossible! Find sixteen people of your acquaintance who are all good friends? You might as well expect to hear the dead spoken well of, or your relatives pleased at your sudden accession to landed estates. No; the law of natural antipathy knows no interregnum. I think myself particularly fortunate in finding sixteen people who will sit at the same festal board."

Mr. Brill apologized for the stupidity of his suggestion.

After she had confided to him a few more amusing details and explanations, she ended.

"You are to have the honor of taking me out. I know you so well you won't expect me to be polite, and I can neglect you conscientiously while the Blue Points are being devoured; that will give me an opportunity to watch the expressions and see if I have guessed correctly. If they all look as if the oysters were bad I shall know that I was right."

"What a queer way to tell."

"Not at all," and Miss Chance looked annoyed at his lack of comprehension. "Oysters is a short course. If they suffer bivalvic misery they will be sustained by the knowledge that later on is coming the roast of absolute serenity, eaten with the chosen one."

Mr. Brill bowed.

"Now," and she led the procession towards the dining-room, "you will be back at my left hand for the last course, and you can tell me all the unpleasant things you have heard. Promise me," and she looked with apparent seriousness through her eyeglasses up into his face, "that this dinner shall not break our friendship. It's a great risk to give progressive dinners."

"I promise," and Mr. Brill was apparently serious also.

There was a small porcelain bell with a landscape painted on it, a souvenir of Swiss Martigny, at Miss Chance's right hand, and after the party had settled themselves in their designated places, Miss Chance moved it within easy distance.

"I ring this at the end of each course," she murmured to Mr. Brill. "Like progressive euchre, you know."

"To tell them to stop eating? What an economical practice. I shall recommend it to my landlady."

"Of course I wait a suitable time," said Miss Chance, ignoring, as usual, his attempt at pleasantry, "but when I touch it the men must rise and move one place to the right."

"Great heavens! That will bring me to Miss Stephens during fish, and I haven't spoken to her for a year. You see, I tried to teach her the bicycle and she has never forgiven me."

"This will be a splendid opportunity to make it up. I will give you plenty of time."

"But I don't want to. I might have to resume the lessons."

"That is the charm of a progressive dinner," said Miss Chance, placidly, as Mr. Brill helped himself to some Tabasco sauce with an air of helpless acceptance of the inevitable. "The expected is sure to happen, and if you send invitations to misfortune be sure they will be accepted."

Meanwhile, a beautiful girl at the other end of the table was saying to her escort:

"What a shame we were sent out together. I have so many things to tell you, and one can't get in more than a dozen sentences during oysters. I think it horrid of Miss Chance. She's arranged it so you will sit with her during the roast and have three times as long as you have with me. I see it all. It's a plot. I wish I was home."

Her voice sounded as if she was about to dissolve in tears, and the man, who dreaded a scene and was really hungry, remarked, comfortingly:

"My dear girl, you're spending the little time we have complaining. Can't we eat slowly?" accompanying his question with a half-starved look at the waiting bivalves.

"That's the worst of oysters," said the girl, disconsolately. "You simply can't eat them slowly. It's a physical impossibility. If it was only soup we could pretend it was hot; it is sometimes, you know; and *entrées*, why, any amount of time can be consumed over *entrées*, but every one knows you are shamming when you take so much time over oysters."

After a moment's pause, during which she made heroic efforts to stem the tide of her emotion, she added: "Why, you've eaten all yours."

"I couldn't help it," said her partner, aggressively. "As you say, oysters do slip down so easily, and you've only got three left yourself."

Their discomfiture was not unnoted. Miss Chance called Mr. Brill's attention to it in wicked glee, and across the table a tall, bored girl broke the silence for the first time since she had seated herself, and said to a youth, the immature down on whose upper lip betokened his lack of conversational ability,

"Do you believe in vivisection? If so, do watch Miss Van Houten. She is actually chewing her oysters. Every one else has finished long ago and she has two left. They say she is dreadfully *épris* with Mr. Balch. I wonder if she knows he's engaged to me?"

"Is that so?" asked the young medical student, feeling a thrill of sympathy for Mr. Balch. "And do people chew oysters when they are suffering from hopeless attachments? I must make a note of that."

A silvery tinkle from the miniature Swiss cow-bell was heard and the men arose.

Miss Chance was satisfied. "Either the sherry was atrocious or they have been misnamed more successfully than I ever dreamed. Every man looks cross and every woman revengeful. It's sure to be a triumph!"

"And so you leave us to-morrow?" asked Mr. Gage, as he sank with a sigh of content into the chair beside Miss Grace, in whose honor the dinner was given, and whose beauty and wit surrounded her with admirers.

Miss Grace said yes with so lugubrious an accent that further regrets were useless.

An earnest expression in a man's dark eyes farther down the table started Mr. Gage in a quick train of thought.

"Ah, ha! Darley! He means business. No one ever looked that way by accident. Miss Grace goes to-morrow, and it's neck and neck. I must speak to-night. Wherever her home is, it's too far away to trust to mails or memory. I've got the advantage of place, but I'm handicapped. There aren't more than a dozen spoonfuls of soup, and he'll have her with the bird or the Roman punch, I can't tell which. However, none but the brave—I'll try."

His partner was chatting amiably, unconscious of the serious import of his thoughts.

"Do you know this is the first progressive dinner I ever attended? Aren't they great sport? I came out with Mr. Carlton, and during oysters—funny to separate time into oysters or soup, isn't it?—he said he had something very important to say to me—something to which he wished me to pay particular attention. Dreadfully nervous man, isn't he? He swallowed two or three pieces of ice by mistake—thought they were oysters. And what a man for preliminaries. Perhaps that explains his swallowing the ice. Well, by the time he had finished impressing upon me the necessity of absolute attention the bell rang and he had to move. You should have seen his expression—impressional, like a thunder-storm. I think people should be more careful about their expressions when they are exposed at any moment to the terrors of the stray camera or cinematograph; and then it's so rude to your hostess to look as if the dinner disagreed with you, isn't it?"

Mr. Gage tried to check the flow of her eloquence, but she went on rapidly. Was it intentional? He could not determine.

"Now, what do you suppose he wanted to say to me? Isn't it charming not to know? Conversation could never drag at a progressive dinner. If ideas fail, all you have to do is to start your partner guessing what the last one didn't have time to finish."

There was a look of mingled mirth and malice in Miss Grace's big blue eyes, and one of feverish anxiety in Darley's, who watched them, unmindful of soup or the blandishing coquetries of his auburn-haired partner, which spurred Mr. Gage to further effort. He stopped her at the beginning of a story which promised interminable sequels.

"I don't know what Carlton wanted to say, but, if I may borrow one of his expressions, I would like you to listen to me for a moment."

A tinkle at the bell interrupted the coming confession.

He looked down. He had unconsciously absorbed the green-turtle soup, and the empty plates emphasized the fact of his enforced departure.

Miss Grace looked sympathetic while she nibbled a salted almond. "It ought to be called a *repressive* dinner, oughtn't it?"

He leaned over her chair, unmindful of a tap on his shoulder and the cheerful tones of his neighbor saying:

"Your loss is my gain, old fellow; my place, I believe."

"May I see you after dinner?" he asked, solemnly. "It's annoying to be choked off this way."

Miss Grace hesitated. "I have to leave early, and Miss Chance, I believe, has invited a Trilby dancer, but I shall be back next winter."

"Next winter?" and Darley, course by course, moving nearer.

"Something must have happened to annoy Mr. Gage," whispered Miss Chance to Mr. Brill, whom she beckoned to her side for a moment as the men changed, after the next course.

"Why, he hardly spoke to Miss Smythe, and she is a Bryn Mawr graduate. He spent all his time hunting for bones in the fish."

When Darley took his place beside Miss Grace he started in brusquely, silently offering a prayer of thanksgiving that the salad had been served with the bird instead of a separate course, which would have shortened his time and his opportunity, awaited patiently so long, during which he had tried to formulate his plan of action and mode of speech.

He pushed her plate a little back. "Pardon me, Miss Grace," he said, authoritatively, "but this is not the season for grouse. I am surprised that Miss Chance should have it served, but she has undoubtedly been the victim of an unsportsmanlike cook. Let me implore you not to eat it."

He pushed his own plate back, and contented himself with curling a leaf of lettuce over his fork.

Miss Grace was visibly impressed by his earnestness. She did not know that grouse had a season, or what the consequences would be of eating it at unorthodox times; but to refuse his advice would be discourteous, and, besides, her hunger had been appeased by a continuous dallying with salted almonds and bonbons. Her attention was, consequently, concentrated entirely on him, a result he had apparently foreseen.

He did not wait for preliminaries, as his rivals had done, but plunged at once into the middle of things.

"You are going away to-morrow, and this may be the last opportunity I shall have to tell you that I have fallen madly, desperately, in love with you."

His tone was lowered and he watched with feverish anxiety, through the interstices of the pink azaleas shadowed in the smilax-wreathed mirror, the evolutions indulged in by his *ris-à-vis*, who ate his bird like a hungry farmer—or so Darley described it to himself in the distorted sarcasm of his thought.

Miss Grace said nothing, but a beautiful blush, vying in splendor with the rosy tint of the table decorations, showed that she was not entirely indifferent to the compliment paid her.

He noted with supreme satisfaction her unmistakable confusion, and could not forbear a look of triumph down the length of the table, where he encountered four masculine eyes fixed on him in an agony of apprehension.

"I should not speak so hurriedly, and at a time and place so inappropriate, were it not that your departure is so unexpected and the future so uncertain; besides—"

He stopped himself in time, covering the lapse of speech by dropping his napkin, which he stooped to recover. He had been about to say something about rivals, but if they had not had time to declare themselves, perhaps it were unwise to announce them.

The pause was fatal.

Miss Grace had recovered her *sang froid* and normal complexion. She looked at him coquettishly.

"I am sure this is a game," she said, munching another almond and showing her regular teeth in a distracting smile. Her tone of raillery, or his intuition that there was a distinct purpose underlying it, convinced Darley that he had made a false move and his opportunity was lost.

"I thought it was only the dinner that was progressive," she went on, unmindful of the gloom settling on his countenance, "but, no; I see I am mistaken. My first partner looks sentimental; the second says a few suggestive words, the third a few more. You tell me outright that you love me, the next will, of course, speak of marriage, and the next—well, I suppose he has provided himself with a wedding-ring. It's really a very amusing game." And she laughed again so merrily that, hearing it, her other admirers took heart.

"You surely don't think—" Darley's self-possession forsook him in company with the assumed air of probable ownership so noticeable when he took his seat. His voice trembled. Here was an unexpected obstacle. How could he convince her that he was in earnest?

He curled and uncurled various leaves of crisp lettuce while he tried to rearrange plans of attack on her maiden affections. He looked up and met Gage's eyes fixed on his with unconcealed triumph; eluding these, he encountered those of Carlton, who looked murderous and had succeeded in landing his bird in the cerise satin lap of his indignant partner.

He tried to formulate sentences of weighty import, to no avail. Miss Grace babbled on, describing her new bicycle gown and how she adored Sothorn.

The silvery tinkle of the bell interrupted his inchoate plans.

There was an enigmatic look in Miss Grace's eyes as he strode away, upsetting his chair in his forced retreat. It was the look of a woman who has evaded an impending proposal.

Mr. Carlton had not given up all hope. His first venture having failed, he was tempted to try again. As they rose from dessert he drew a young man towards him. "I say, old fellow, if you'll let me slip into your place by Miss Grace this time you can have that mare; no one will notice, and she's a beauty."

He did not specify to whom the eulogistic word belonged.

Mr. Brown hesitated.

"You see"—and with Adam-like prevarication Carlton sought an excuse—"she wants to finish a story she was telling me."

"All right," answered Mr. Brown, moved to a sudden pity by his questioner's earnestness and by the pleading glance of a petite blonde who awaited his decision.

Miss Grace looked a little annoyed.

"Why, we had oysters together!" she exclaimed, looking after Mr. Brown's retreating figure with a puzzled stare.

Mr. Carlton explained. "This was my only opportunity, and Brown said he didn't care a bit. Now I can have you all to myself for coffee and cordial—by the way, what a farce to serve cordial at a progressive dinner. If looks could kill," and he gazed triumphantly at Gage and Darley, "I should be transfixed by four fiery darts."

Miss Grace met Miss Chance's eye and gave a long, pleading look, then listened politely to the next words of her unwelcome escort.

"I was interrupted before, but *this time*—"

While he emphasized these words Miss Chance smiled comprehendingly at Miss Grace.

"See," she said to Mr. Brill, who by successive progressions had reached her left hand, "Mr. Brown has changed his place. That is unfair. It destroys the harmony of my arrangements, and he must be punished. Charles," and she motioned the attentive butler to her side, "we will have the coffee served in the drawing-room."

She gave a last, unexpected tinkle to the Swiss bell, rose majestically from her chair and sailed from the room, her escort disentangling himself with difficulty from the ribbon streamers pendent from her belt, which had wound about him, moved by a swift current of air.

The party crowded into the drawing-room, where the strains of a concealed piano, and a small girl in red tulle, poised on the tips of her tiny, bare toes, welcomed them.

While the coffee and cordial were being served Miss Grace chatted with amiable impartiality to her fascinated admirers.

A maid glided through the group and handed her a telegram. She opened it and gave a scream of delight, then took them all into her confidence.

"Tom's coming to take me home. Isn't it glorious?"

"Tom!" and after the staccato unanimity of the exclamation, an oppressive silence fell on the group, broken by strains of "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

"Yes. You know"—and her confiding smile deepened—"this is my last outing before—"

The accompanying blush was a work of supererogation. They understood.

Miss Chance and Mr. Brill compared notes together in a low tone.

"I'm glad it's over, aren't you?" she asked, with singular candor, considering her position as hostess.

Mr. Brill adjusted his monocle mechanically.

"The application of the Keely motor to social matters is very unpleasant. I never enjoyed a dinner less. From eggs to nuts, as the old Romans used to say, I have been perfectly miserable for fear you would change your mind and regret the promise you gave me last night. Tell me you haven't." And he bent over until his lips touched her hand.

"Change my mind!" and her tone was more tender than her words. "Good gracious, no! I didn't have time."

Our Microscopic Foes.

THE late Professor Tyndall stated that the atmosphere may be regarded as a "stir-about" of minute particles, some of which are living and others inorganic. They are revealed by the microscope, or may be seen in the motes in the sunbeams streaming through the chink of a shutter into a darkened room. Pasteur supplied the missing link in the evidence regarding the nature of those living particles floating in the air or in water. When placed in suitable solutions and watched under the microscope they were seen to develop into adult forms of animalcules and lower plant life. Universally present as they are, it is fortunate that but few of these minute organisms are hurtful to life, and even those that are so must have suitable conditions for their development. Persons in perfect health do not present such conditions. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that some may be completely immune to the action of all the germs of disease. But this state of perfect health is so rare that the pathologist is justified in considering all more or less liable to infection.

The discovery that the germs of the most deadly diseases, such as cholera, consumption, diphtheria, typhoid and other fevers, were exceedingly minute forms of organic life, generally parasitic in their nature, led to the method of forestalling or minimizing their action by producing a mild type of the disease against which the practitioner wished to fortify the system. The germs of the particular disorder, after passing through various processes of inoculation and thereby deprived of much of their virulence, were introduced into the system of the patient, sometimes with very dangerous results. Though so far this method of preventing disease has not been so satisfactory as anticipated by its advocates, it is doubtless a step in the right direction. It is quite possible that in the near future we may be able to fortify the body against the attacks of the most fatal maladies, just as for years we have been secure in our protection against the inroads of small-pox.

Of all the diseases prevailing in this country, tuberculosis is the most wide-spread and fatal. At one time it was considered to be hereditary, but though this has been disproved, it is well known that the conditions favorable to its development may be inherited. To a person so predisposed the introduction of the bacillus of tuberculosis into the system would be fraught with the most imminent peril. In the case of others the germs of this and other diseases may lie latent in the body for years and never develop at all, unless the physical condition favors such a result. The dry sputum of the tuberculosis patient is the principal cause of the spread of this disease. The germs of the malady from this source may be wafted through the air and find proper conditions for development in the lungs of one unconscious of danger. So tenacious of life is this bacillus, and so prolific of danger is its presence, that the same precautions regarding disinfection are necessary as in cases of diphtheria and small-pox. The method of treating consumptive patients by Koch's lymph, better known as tuberculin, has not proved successful; but though no specific has been yet discovered for the

disease, much may be done to prevent its spread and to prolong the life and improve the condition of those so afflicted.

The attempts to fortify the system against the attacks of cholera, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and other diseases by inoculation with cultures of the bacillus of the specific disease have not been much more satisfactory in their results. The French government, however, recently made inoculation for diphtheria and croup obligatory in the army, a fact which would warrant the conclusion that most salutary results must have been obtained in France by this mode of forestalling these diseases.

When it is considered that the body, although appearing solid, is only a bundle of tubes and cavities, perfectly pervious, both externally and internally, to the entrance of those infinitely minute germs that induce disease, the surprise is that any escape infection. That they do so is largely owing to the fact that nature protects itself against such attacks by forces antagonistic to the disease-producing bacteria.

N. MACDONALD.

THE OPINIONS of DORIS ON TRAMPS.



"My dear girl, dear Doris," said Harry; and then I understood he was about to scold me. His lectures for my good are an intermittent series, but I know when to expect one—they always begin with an outlay of endearing appellations.

"Are you aware that you stood fifteen minutes at that basement door, in the draught and without a shawl?"

"Only fifteen minutes? It seemed like an hour."

"It was fifteen minutes too much," said Harry, severely.

"The idea of you wasting your time listening to that wretched tramp! And of course he was telling you a pack of lies."

"Well, perhaps; but the other story he told me was so sadly true! He could not deceive me about that."

"What other story?" asked Harry, in a slightly exasperated tone.

"Oh, the story of his rags and trembling hands and poor old broken boots. Fifteen minutes is not long to stand by a soul on the verge of despair, though it may seem too long to stand with a tramp at one's basement door."

"Yet, ten to one, this man's own faults have brought him to this terrible condition. Can't you realize that?"

"But I don't care at all; it only concerns me to know the appalling truth that he is there. When I see a fellow-being fallen so low that I cannot look in his face without praying for help to the heavenly angels, surely you would not think it wrong for me to listen to anything he might say to me—lies or the truth—and give him a little money or a morsel of food."

"No—well—no, of course not. But these people, dear—you see, you encourage them."

"Oh, I hope I encourage them! Of all God's creatures, surely they need it most."

"I mean, you encourage them to beg—and—drink—and—"

"Oh, they don't need encouragement in that sad direction. Their own poor natures and necessities are far stronger than any encouragement we can give them. And how dare we, you or I, or one of our sort, say that these people shall not fly to drink—to anything that may make them forget the hurt and pain of life? Is it only poverty that seeks that sort of distraction? Do you know no men in your club who have my poor tramp's fault, without his excuse for such indulgence? The well-fed, the warmly-clothed, the safely-sheltered—are they always examples of high thought, of pure living, of truth and temperance?"

"I don't condone villainy, wherever I may find it, Doris," said Harry, bravely. "It is only that I am pained to see you wasting your pity on undeserving wretches."

"But, dear, what they must ask from God is pity, and because they are so undeserving! Simple pity and mercy; and if we are not merciful, ourselves so faulty, what can they, what dare they, expect from God?"

Then I went away from Harry and sat at the piano and sang for him. I sang, "There were ninety-and-nine in the fold."

Mechanical Force out of Wind-vortices.

M. RAOUL PICTET, the distinguished Swiss physicist, has been experimenting with desert whirlwinds, and announces a feasible plan for utilizing their undirected power.

About nine o'clock every morning dark columns may be seen rising from little hillocks, or elevated spots, in the vicinity of Cairo. These columns are of hour-glass shape, with a central diameter of from thirty-five to fifty feet. They often attain a height of twelve thousand feet. The top and bottom diameter is about twelve hundred feet.

M. Pictet's experiments with these air vortices were directed

towards ascertaining their comparative temperature locally. This was accomplished by placing thermometers in various parts of their radii.

He thus discovered that the rise of temperature was much more rapid on the eastern than on the western slope of these enormous cones. The air was found to be some fourteen degrees Fahrenheit warmer than the sand at the start.

The rise of temperature in these whirlwinds is very rapid. At the end of half an hour the sand on the eastern side marks 122° F. It is at this moment that the phenomena proper may be said to begin. He describes these occurrences as follows:

Over a region of four hundred yards in diameter the light objects (such as colored feathers, scraps of paper, etc.) which had been scattered over the ground, begin to move like mice; never in a straight line, but in circles. In a very short time, varying with the temperature, this movement becomes regular and gyratory. The objects rise, approach the centre, and are soon all gathered together there. The gyratory motion increases in rapidity, and soon all the objects disappear upward in the sand-cloud. It is impossible to keep near to the sand column, which blinds and covers one with sand. But M. Pictet, by means of various devices, has been able to ascertain that the temperature of these vortices is from 100° to 150° F. He does not think that this heat need be lost. He is positive that at an early day it may be utilized for the irrigation of Egypt. He indicates in what practical manner this may be accomplished by the construction of immense heaters or boilers on the ground. These heaters are to be made of blackened plates of sheet iron. The water, which may be made to flow into these heaters, will rapidly reach a temperature of 150° F. The normal temperature of the water of the Nile is from 68° to 77° F. If a boiler is thus constructed, with an area of two and a half acres, an engine of over two thousand horse-power can be driven. The Nile water could be thus pumped up at will, poured over the unfertile lands, and so reclaim them.

The Rational Summer Home.

WHEN this generation was young the summer home was not a matter for nearly such serious consideration as it has now become. It used to be that a few weeks in the country or by the seashore was considered to be enough of an outing for even the hardest workers in the great cities. But that is no longer so, for several reasons. Hard workers work much harder than they used to do; people have also in their homes learned to live more rationally than they used to live. Therefore there is a demand for summer homes without the cities—demands by those who have not the means to set up splendid country or seaside establishments.

The rich can settle this problem to suit themselves, for their means enable them to overcome all difficulties with the magic touch of money. But to the merely well-to-do this problem of summer living is filled with difficulties. The pleasure and summer resorts, with their bizarre hotels and bustle of noisy fashion, are distasteful to quiet folk, besides being beyond the means of the merely well-to-do. Such persons need quiet places where there is good air and a fair amount of congenial society. They are finding such places very quickly and adapting themselves to the life with the happy ease characteristic of an ingenious race. Such places, when merely hired, are very well in their way, but to own a summer home is one of the best investments a man of family can make, provided that home be selected with a wisdom which considers the enduring attractions of the neighborhood in the first instance, and his own ability to maintain it in the second.

We are not considering summer resorts or summer sojourning places, but summer homes. About the sentiment of home there must be the idea of permanence, of stability. That idea does not attach to a rented house. The home must be a place where one can gather about him the things that he loves—his pictures, his tools, his shabby and comfortable old clothes, his bibelots. These become, to him who frequently moves, costly impedimenta, but they are essentials to every well-regulated home.

How, it will be asked, can a man of moderate means become possessed of the home here suggested? That is a question worthy of a person capable of enjoying a rational summer home. The answer is that he should buy such a place. The reader will suspect a dull joke in this reply, but none is intended. In the neighborhood of all the great cities—that is, within easy reach of them—are many country villages—we do not mean suburban villages—country villages gone to seed. In such places are to be found the rational summer homes within the means of all the well-to-do to purchase and to maintain. Such places may be had at prices ranging from two thousand to five thousand dollars, each of them with ample garden space for flowers and vegetables.

If those needing permanent summer homes will look into the matter as it has been suggested in this article it will be found that the idea presented will be more often practicable than not, and that comfortable homes in the real country can be maintained at an expense not exceeding the present outlay for living. Suppose a man pay three thousand five hundred dollars for his summer home—and there are thousands of such within forty miles of New York alone—the interest on his investment would be two hundred and ten dollars; taxes, twenty dollars; maintenance, thirty dollars; insurance, ten dollars; a total of two hundred and seventy dollars. Such a furnished house, hired for the summer, would surely cost four hundred and fifty dollars. Then he would have the further advantage of a rallying-place for his family, a storage-place for the heirlooms and knick-knacks which become lost in the city movings, to which all dwellers in cities are now addicted. Suppose he should choose to spend a summer now and then in Europe or elsewhere. Then his chances for renting his place for four hundred and fifty dollars would be very good, for if his home were attractive to him it would be attractive to many others.

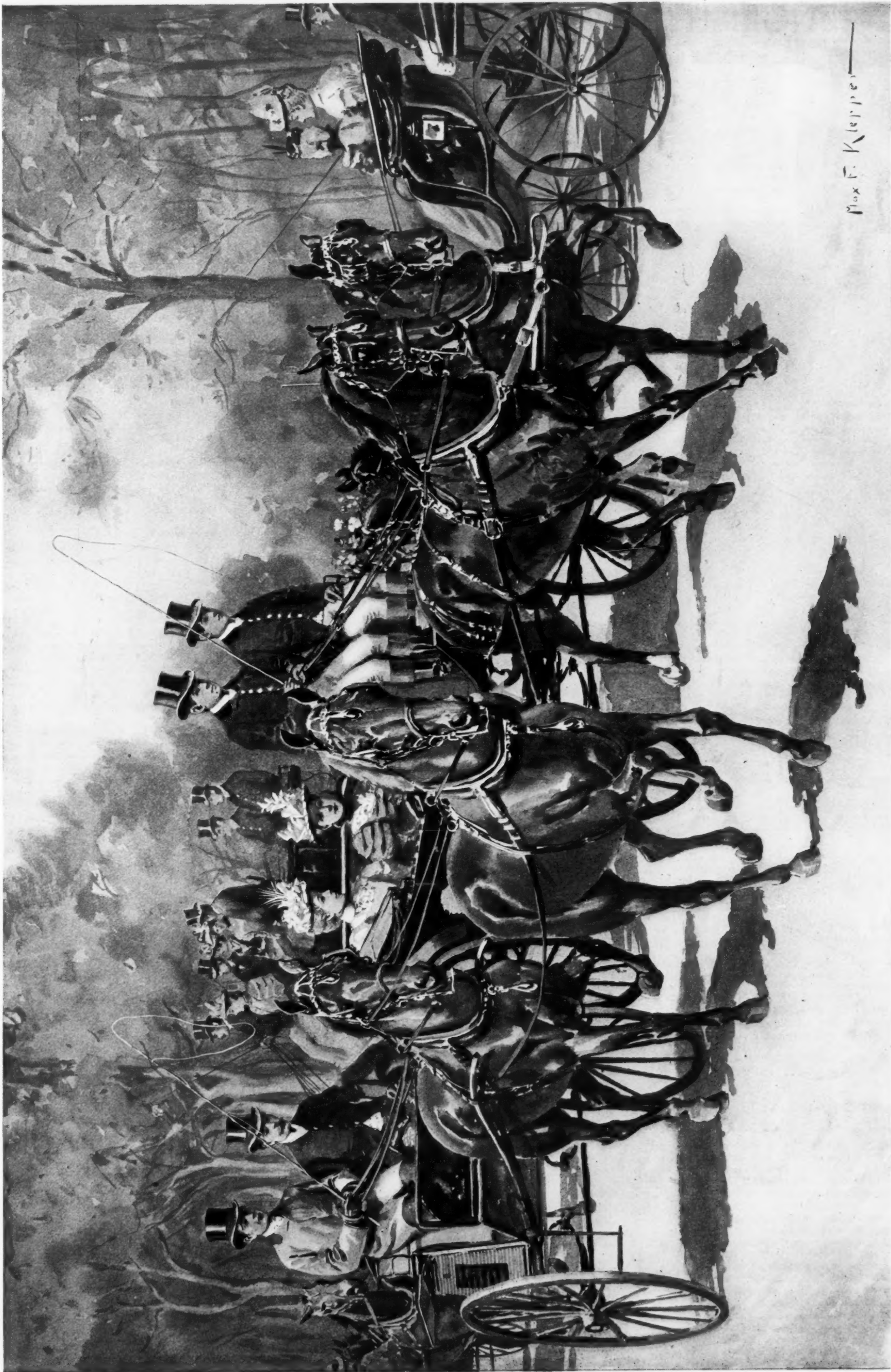
In such a place a family will have all the advantages of the real country and few of the disadvantages or expenses of farm life. Horses may be kept or not, according to means and tastes; but in this rational country home the home idea and the home sentiment, so precious to our forefathers but so impossible in the hurry and change of present urban life, may be cultivated and expanded for our own benefit, and most of all for the benefit of that young America which is throwing to the winds with dangerous recklessness the conservatism which holds to the permanence of established things.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.



MISS CHANCE'S PROGRESSIVE DINNER.

THIS IS AN ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATION OF AN EPISODE IN THE CHARMING LITTLE STORY BY MISS GERTRUDE F. LYNCH, PUBLISHED ON PAGE 380 IN THIS PAPER.



A ROAD-WAY IN CENTRAL PARK.

NO FINER HORSES ARE TO BE FOUND IN ANY PARK IN THE WORLD THAN THOSE DRIVEN AND RIDDEN IN THE PLEASURE PLACES OF NEW YORK. AND THE SAME MAY BE SAID OF THE VEHICLES. INDEED, AMERICAN-BUILT CARRIAGES ARE BECOMING THE FASHION IN ENGLAND SINCE COLONEL HAY'S VEHICLES WERE SEEN IN HYDE PARK, LONDON. THE AMERICAN CARRIAGES ARE AT ONCE LIGHTER, MORE GRACEFUL, AND STRONGER, THAN THE ENGLISH OR THE FRENCH MAKES.

ENGLISH ROWING METHODS AT YALE.



CAPTAIN BAILEY.

SEEING is believing, and with the accompanying fine illustrations of Yale crews of 1895 and this year before our eyes, we are struck instantly and with astonishment by the presence, in the case of the latter crew, of the most important characteristic of the English style of rowing, to wit: *the long, far-reaching body-swing*, and, in the

oar-blade meanwhile being covered. The thumb of the outside hand (the right for a starboard oar) actually touches the chest, then, as a billiard-ball leaves the cushion, the hands smartly shoot into the lap. By the very swiftness of this hand and arm movement the body is released for the swing aft and another stroke.

At first this body-swing is fast slowing down at the latter end, while at all times a perfect command or balance is maintained over the slide, which, starting aft quickly, eases almost to a creep as it reaches the after chocks.

These, then, are the characteristics of the English stroke, and, in brief, the main point of difference is the far-reaching

the essential difference—a great one—between the two strokes is plainly indicated.

As for the recover, the Cook system teaches the same sharp, quick throwing away of the hands as they come home to the chest, the gradually decreasing speed of the swing aft, the same control of slide and the nice blending of the recover with the start of another stroke wherein the blade does not go back, then hesitate before taking the water, but performs a circular or hook movement which is continuous.

At this point of exact agreement in the two strokes skill enters in a high degree. The idea, of course, in making the stroke a continuous one at this point, as at the recover, is to lose not the fraction of a second of time during which work may be accomplished, but rather to take advantage of every inch of water which the blade, covering in its journey forward, viciously grips.

Other differences in the two are of minor importance, such as the seating of the crew at the sides, or starboard and port, and all directly over the keel.

So, too, is the thole-pin in the English boat as unimportant, though the consensus of opinion seems to favor Yankee ingenuity in the shape of the patent swivel lock.

The chief claim, indeed, which advocates of the thole-pin advance is the click which results from the turning of the oar at the end of each stroke, and by which cadence or time is marked plainly for each man.

At this writing the Yale crew is backward in its work, considering the lateness of the season, and this can be accounted for easily in three ways:

First, the men, nearly all veterans, having so long rowed one way, the great change incident to a far-reaching body-swing and pulling the oar through hard all the way is unusually difficult to make.

Second, a lack of harmony among its members.

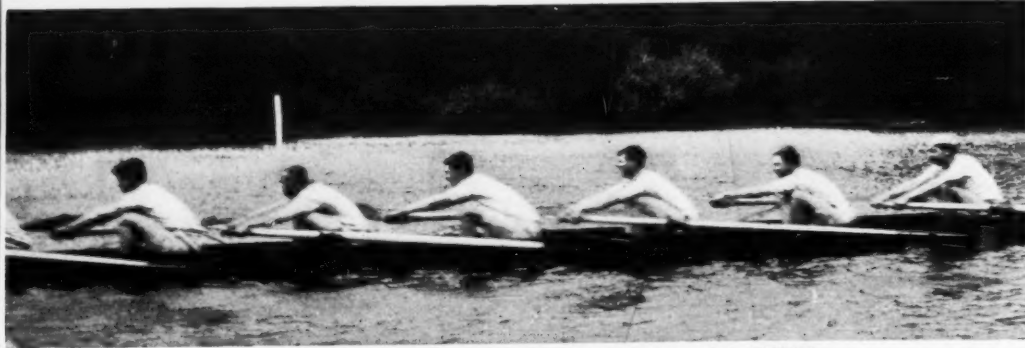
Third, an unjustified feeling of uncertainty, due to frequent changes made in rigging and alleged changes in the stroke as originally planned or coached.

Fourth, a lack of seriousness, as an example of which may be cited the posting, a month or so ago, upon the wall in the boat-house, of a newspaper clipping which said uncomplimentary things of certain members of the crew, and underneath it a picture of Bob Cook. Before this a lot of chairs were grouped, and the idea conveyed was one of disapprobation, their opinion being that Bob Cook had had his finger in writing the story.

This was certainly a "kid" action, and poor payment indeed to a veteran coach, to whom are due all of Yale's past triumphs on the water, and who is devoting every waking hour of his time this year to establish a new system, out of sheer love of his alma mater.

Quite the contrary state of affairs exists at Cambridge, where the famous English coach, R. C. Lehmann, has successfully introduced English methods. The crew, to a man, has waxed enthusiastic from the first, and the men have not had to do so much unlearning. Considering this advantage, together with the fact that the candidates for positions are a strong lot, and unquestionably there is ground for the belief that the crimson has made a start which Yale will find it well-nigh impossible to overcome. It is about time, however, that the oarsmen of Harvard should be encouraged with a little success.

W. T. BULL.



AN OXFORD EIGHT ABOUT TO TAKE THE WATER AT FULL REACH.



AN EFFORT OF THE YALE CREW TO TAKE THE WATER AT FULL REACH.



THE YALE CREW OF 1895 AT FULL REACH.

body swing and the maintenance of power from beginning to end.

As may be seen from a glance at the illustrations of the Yale 1895 crew, the full reach embraces a perfectly straight back, inclined but a few degrees from the perpendicular; and when it is stated that, according to rule, power is applied by the back and legs only to a point which brings the blade up even with the outrigger, the rest of the stroke being followed through with *no effort*,

case of the 1895 crew—in contradistinction—the predominating feature of an upright start and an upright finish, or *the abbreviated body-swing* of the Cook stroke.

So, no longer is it left for us to give credence to a popular belief that Yale, not satisfied with her Henley experience of last year, and having gained nothing by observation in a losing contest, is practicing the old methods which, the truth being told, led her so often to victory in American waters.

Instead, we must admit that Yale, like Harvard, is doing her very best to row as the English row; and, as the pictures tell us, she is not trying in vain.

Yale's change of method, therefore, marks an epoch in college rowing, and it is interesting in consequence to inquire into the English importation and see just where it differs from ours—the "ours" being intentionally used; for if Yale has not alone held the palm for rowing in this country, she has in conjunction with Cornell; and Courtney, the coach at the latter institution of wide rowing fame, has told me and proved to me that his ideas have ever differed but little from those of Bob Cook.

Let us then jot down in order the main points in the English system, with the end in view of making a few interesting comparisons.

To begin with, at "full reach," or the start of the stroke, we find the oarsman with slide on a level or even with the thole-pin, his knees well bent and his abdomen comfortably settled between spreading thighs. His back is bent so far aft that it buckles, and, with arms outstretched, his hands are quite behind the outrigger and in close proximity to the side of the shell.

Our man thus in position for the start, we notice as he "gives way" that the body springs back, the head flies up, the legs kick out powerfully, and the blade, just buried by the water, is whipped through with a power evenly applied right up to the moment of the recovery.

At the finish his body maintains an easy, graceful position, so that with the final pressure of the legs the elbows swing past the sides, and a throwing back of the shoulders opens the chest and the hands are swept home into the chest, the



THE YALE 1897 CREW AT RECOVER ACCORDING TO THE ENGLISH METHOD



THE YALE 1895 CREW AT COMPLETION OF STROKE.

Orthodox Angels.

A RECENT ecclesiastical incident has developed what, it appears, is a new test of orthodoxy. Perhaps most of us feel that no addition of this sort was needed to the stock already on hand. However that may be, a reverend gentleman in Syracuse has given to the world a doctrine concerning angels which he classes among the things necessary to be believed. It appears that a wealthy parishioner of his had placed in the church a memorial window, the design of which included three angels. One of these was pictured without wings. The rector entered a vehement protest. A wingless angel was not an "orthodox angel." There was no telling what aberrations of theology might result from the hebdomadal contemplation of such visual instruction in heresy and schism. The issue became a vital one to the distressed clergyman's mind. His convictions were not shared by his vestrymen, and it finally became necessary to make appeal to the bishop. Alas! he was a "broad" bishop, and decided that it was not a subversion of the faith to depict an angel without wings. Whether the scandalized rector will continue his ministry in a church whose very windows are, in his view, of dubious credal character, or whether he has allowed himself to be reassured by the episcopal deliverance, we are not informed.

It is probable that most persons would agree off-hand with the Syracuse theory of what might be called the natural history of angels. No doubt the general impression concerning them is that wings are an invariable part of their bodily equipment. This popular notion curiously illustrates the extent to which current ideas are derived from poetry and art, rather than from authoritative sources of information. All that we can be said to know about angels must, of course, be learned from the Bible. It will surprise the majority even of Bible readers to be told that the Scriptures do not in a single instance describe actual and visible angels as creatures with wings. The symbolic cherubim and seraphim of the tabernacle and the temple, and of the visions of the prophets and the Apocalypse, are unquestionably winged beings. But an argument drawn from them proves too much, for they commonly have at least six wings apiece, and sometimes more. We do not suppose that any one has ever conceived of such mystic figures as having real existence. They are beautiful and impressive as symbols; they would be grotesque as living creatures. Wherever in the Scriptures angels appear to men it is in human form. It was three men whom Abraham saw standing by him as he sat in his tent door on the plain of Mamre. When the two angels came to Lot in Sodom the ribald mob demanded that the men should be brought out to them. The same rule holds in every case recorded.

It is, however, true that the traditional theology as to angels not only always takes the wings for granted, but assigns to them profound and mysterious doctrinal significance. Not less than nine different orders of angels are distinguished, and have, indeed, since the time of Dionysius the Areopagite, been canonically recognized by the Roman Catholic and the Greek churches. About the being, the nature, and the functions of these various orders of angels the imaginative theologians of the Middle Ages ran into all kinds of extravagant subtleties. And it was literally upon the angels' wings that their fancy most exuberantly soared. The position of the wings was noted with minutest care, every change being fraught with momentous import. Their colors were richly variegated—green, yellow, violet, azure, crimson, etc.—and each hue had its peculiar emblematic meaning. All this complicated, and often fantastic, imagery is reproduced in painting and echoed in verse. Schools of art are distinguished by their treatment of angels. Poets and homilists revel in the delineation of their glories. The more elaborate these speculations of "angelology" become, the more conspicuous grow the wings. It is not unfair to call this whole department of Mediaeval theology a more or less specific system of celestial ornithology.

Now, the simple fact respecting the wings of angels is that, as the word *angel* signifies a messenger, or bringer of tidings, so the wings with which they are limned signify, in lovely emblem, the swiftness and alacrity with which they speed upon their errands. They are no more to be taken literally than the wings on the feet of Mercury, the messenger of the gods in ancient mythology. The Bible really tells us nothing as to the nature of angels. It only tells us there are such beings, superior in nature to ourselves, benignly interested in our welfare, and contending for us against the powers of evil. So much regarding the angels remains an article of faith, although the bodily forms assigned to them are now allowed to be impossible and merely allegorical, and although their supposed functions as rulers of the stars and elements have long been set aside by a knowledge of natural laws. Perhaps the belief itself, and the feeling it excites in the tender and contemplative mind, were never more beautifully expressed than by the poet Spenser:

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is!—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts! But O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe.

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
And come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends, to aid no militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward!
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard!"

It would not have seemed unreasonable to expect from the rector of a church in a leading town of the Empire State at the end of the nineteenth century an acquaintance with the sane and Scriptural doctrine of angels. His superstitious insistence upon the wings is a ludicrous anachronism. Why, even the humble beast that carried Balaam was able to identify a wingless angel. It is expressly said, "the ass saw the angel." Was an equal degree of intelligence too much to demand of the Syracuse divine?

JAMES MANNING BRUCE.

A San Francisco Chinese Funeral.

THE Chinatown of San Francisco is not merely a section of an American city inhabited mainly by Chinese: it is a community by itself, with its own distinct manners, customs, and social grades, Asiatic in spirit as well as in external appearance, and more distinctively Chinese than any other spot on this continent. Its main thoroughfare runs parallel to Kearny Street, in the upper part of the town. To turn aside into this quarter is to make a trip to Hong-Kong in five minutes. Chinese the-

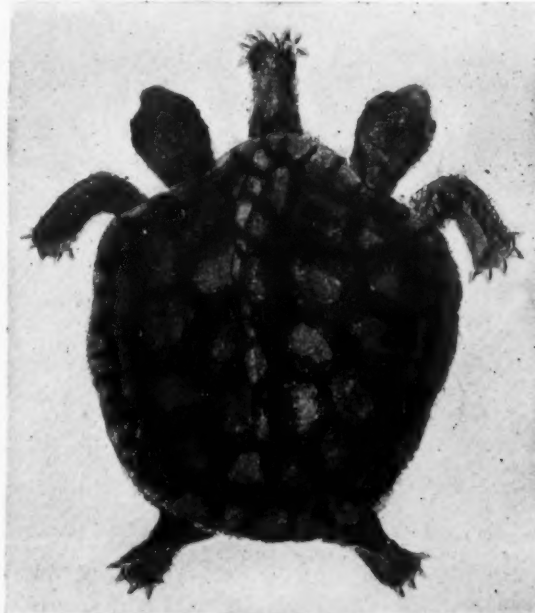


CHINESE FUNERAL IN CALIFORNIA.

atres, restaurants, and joss-houses rear their fantastic fronts, covered with cabalistic signs in red, green, and gold, and with the dragon flag floating overhead. Here, too, are the great bazaars of the millionaire Mongolian merchants. Yellow aristocracy lives here, and occasionally dies. The funeral of a Chinese Wanamaker involves an elaborate processional turn-out, such as is shown in the photographic view herewith reproduced. The hearse, with its six horses and derby-hatted driver, is American, and so are the crowds of spectators that line the thoroughfare. The mourners who follow afoot, dressed in white robes, are prominent citizens of Chinatown, and will presently repair to the joss-house to burn incense-sticks and offer prayers for the happy heavenward journey of the departed one.

A Two-headed Turtle.

A WONDERFUL freak of nature is owned by Dr. A. J. Hannah, of Umatilla, Florida—a two-headed gopher, or two gophers in one shell. There are two heads, four single legs, and one leg with two feet, all inside of one shell, the double foot growing between the heads. Either head can control the double foot,



A FLORIDA FREAK.

but only its own side feet, and unless both heads are of one mind neither can move the shell. Both heads must be fed, which shows that there are two stomachs. Its habits are simi-

lar to those of all land turtles, and it is in its liveliest mood between the hours of eleven and one in the morning.

Two Notable Church Meetings.

AT the commemoration service marking the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the conversion of Ethelbert, King of Kent, the bishop of Minnesota (Bishop Whipple) will deliver the sermon; and at the fourth Lambeth Conference the bishop of New York (Bishop Potter) will be one of the celebrants of the service in the Canterbury Cathedral, the mother-church of the Church of England. The anniversary of Ethelbert's conversion marks the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the Christianization of England. The Christian religion was planted in England some time between 208 and 240 A.D. It is supposed that it followed in the wake of the wealthy citizens of Gaul who built villas in the Roman province of Britain. But the church was poor, and, though it sent representatives to the Council of Arles in 314 and the Council of Arminium in 359, and gave consent to the decisions of the Councils of Nicea and Sardica, which occurred prior to the second of these two, it was of little influence.

In 585 the abbot of a monastery on the Caelian Hill saw some Northumbrian boys in the slave-market of Rome, and became interested in them. He asked permission to become a missionary to the heathen British, but it was denied to him. Some years later, when he became Pope, he remembered the boys he had seen in the slave-market and sent an expedition to Britain under Augustine, the prior of his old monastery. It landed on the island of Thanet towards the end of April, 597. Ethelbert welcomed the missionaries and housed them while he gave consideration to their teachings. His wife was a Christian, and no doubt he knew much about their religion before their coming. At any rate, he became a ready convert, and in the summer of 597 he was baptized into the Christian church. It is the anniversary of this event which will be celebrated June 3d with elaborate ceremony in Salisbury Cathedral.

Ethelbert gave the missionaries the site of an old Roman church which had been allowed to fall to pieces when the Christians were driven into Wales and Cornwall. Remains of these ancient Roman churches are to be seen now at Canterbury, Dover, and Silchester. On the site given to him, Augustine erected the first Canterbury Cathedral. Meantime he had been made Archbishop of England. He has been canonized by the church, and he is St. Augustine in the calendar.

In the successor of this first Canterbury Cathedral will be held, on the 3d and 4th of July, the exercises preliminary to the Lambeth Conference. On Saturday, the 3d, the primate of England will address the assembled bishops from the patriarchal chair. There will be two hundred and fifty bishops present. They are on their way to England now from every quarter of the globe.

On Sunday, the 4th, the Archbishop of Armagh, the bishop of Ripon, and the bishop of New York will preach in the cathedral. Monday the conference will begin in Lambeth Chapel.

This conference is one of the most important of church gatherings. It occurs normally once in ten years. This time it is called after the lapse of nine years because of the coincidence of the anniversary of the foundation of the church in England.

Sans Souci.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, May 29th, 1897.—And this is Sans Souci! There stands the old wind-mill which irritated Frederick the Great so much, sure enough, and here is the room in which lived cynical Voltaire—all as it used to be, but the actors in the play are gone, and we only have the memory of by-gone days. After a day's roaming about Potsdam I return to the *Grand Hotel de Rome* only to find that a delegation from New York, most likely Tammanyites, have just arrived. Nor could they have chosen a better house, for it is one of very few which rank foremost on this continent. This patrician house, for instance, is not a sky-scraper like the Netherlands, or a barracks like the Cecil in London. It is a noble house, of generous proportions, intended to accommodate about two hundred guests. The liberal spirit of the founder still animates the heir and present proprietor. Its proximity to the imperial palace and the "Schlossplatz" is counted as chief in its many attractions.

But Herr Mühlberg also has a very excellent table. If you ask hereabouts, "Where can I dine well?" every Berliner will name *Mühlberg's Restaurant* among the first. His wine-cellar is accessible to intimate friends only. There are vintages now as rare as they are valuable, and as precious as a government bank-note. "The gastronome in search of culinary delights," said a well-known Boston gentleman, recently, "used to look to Paris for an exceptional dinner, and, in Germany, the Hamburg Kitchen served as a good substitute, but since Berlin has become known to travelers, and particularly the *Grand Hotel de Rome*, I know of no place in Europe where one dines so well as Unter den Linden, and at fully fifty per cent. less than in Paris." Every Thanksgiving Herr Mühlberg serves a purely American dinner, which could hardly be more democratic at the Fifth Avenue in New York. This, and similar innovations, keeps his house well filled, yet he declines to raise the tariff. "The present rate," he declared recently, "was arranged by my aged parent of sacred memory, and founder of the house, and I have no intention of changing unless it were to lower prices, and that is neither wanted nor necessary." To my remarks on his exceptional service he said: "My customers are my guests in the widest hospitable sense, and as such they shall be treated in the *Grand Hotel de Rome*." This will doubtless be good news to the ever-increasing number of visitors from our country, who, instead of patronizing foggy London and grasping, expensive Paris, can enjoy the varied pleasures of Germany's capital at one-half of the expense. DEWEY.

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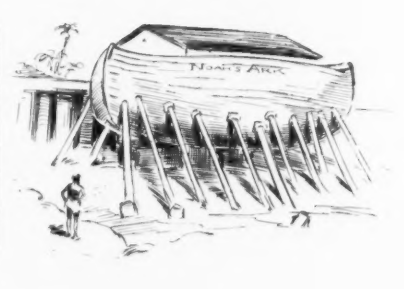
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P. S.—The correct solution of the 'Picture Puzzles' will be published in *Judge* No. 820 (issued June 26th), and the names of those who have been successful in solving the complete series of puzzles will be published in the following issue of *Judge* (viz.: No. 821). Those of our readers who wish to be certain in getting these two issues should order them in advance from their newsdealers, or else send 20 cents in stamps along with their answer to this, the last set of pictures." Address

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ONLY those perfumes which breathe the natural, refreshing odor of the flower are used by people of refinement. The odor should be delicate and pleasing, as from a bunch of freshly-cut flowers. Perhaps no perfumer has so nearly approached this ideal as Hudnut, of 203 Broadway, New York. Dame Fashion and her followers have not been long in expressing their approval of his latest novelty—the Concrete Perfume Tablets. They possess all the subtle fragrance and richness of odor of the flowers whose name they bear. Handkerchiefs, gloves, laces, and clothing may be delightfully perfumed by placing a tablet among them. One or two tablets sewn in a garment give out a delightful and lasting odor. Sofa pillows and various other articles that have hitherto been very difficult to daintily perfume quickly take up and hold the fragrance of these tablets. The Concrete Perfume Tablets are original with and made only by Hudnut's Pharmacy, 203 Broadway, who will send a handsome package of tablets by mail on receipt of fifty cents.

NOTHING better in Bitters than Abbott's Original Angostura. You will be better for taking the Bitters. Abbott's—the only genuine.

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SET of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one-half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbin Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

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WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 25th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named avenue and street:

TWENTY-THIRD WARD.—MARCHER AVENUE, at its junction with East One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street or Birch Street.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD.—WILLARD STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to Bronx River.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller. City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, May 26th, 1897. ESTIMATES FOR BUILDING FOUNDATIONS FOR RECREATION BUILDING to be erected on Pier foot of East Twenty-fourth Street, under Contract 591, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, North River, until 12 o'clock M., June 8th, 1897. For particulars see "CITY RECORD."

LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 11th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Correction of Assessments, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the following assessments in the several Wards herein designated:

1ST WARD.—WATER ST. SEWER, between Wall St. and Gouverneur Lane.

2ND WARD.—GOLD ST. SEWER, between John and Fulton Sts.

2ND AND 4TH WARDS.—PECK SLIP AND FERRY ST. PAVING, between Pearl and South Sts.

3D. WARD.—WEST ST. PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Chambers and Murray Sts.

12TH WARD.—BOULEVARD SEWER, east side, between 114th and 116th Sts. COLUMBUS AVE. SEWER, east side, between 107th St. and Cathedral Parkway. CONVENT AVE. SEWER, west side, between 127th and 131st Sts. 5TH AVE. SEWERS, between 138th and 140th Sts.; also, SEWER in 139th St., between 5th and Lenox Aves.; also, SEWER in 140th St., between Lenox Ave. and Harlem River.

7TH AVE. FLAGGING, east side, between 116th and 118th Sts. 88TH ST. BASIN, north side, about 275 feet east of East End Ave. 91ST ST. PAVING, from Ave. A to the bulkhead line of the East River.

95TH ST. PAVING, from 1st Ave. to the bulkhead line of the East River, and laying crosswalks. 96TH ST. PAVING, from 1st Ave. to the bulkhead line of the East River, and laying crosswalks.

98TH ST. PAVING, between 4th and 5th Aves. 100TH ST. PAVING, between Madison and 5th Aves. 105TH ST. PAVING, between the Boulevard and Riverside Drive. 107TH ST. PAVING, between Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. 108TH ST. SEWER, between Manhattan and Columbus Aves. 109TH ST. PAVING, from Central Park West to Riverside Drive (except between Manhattan and Columbus Aves.). 111TH ST. PAVING, between 5th and Lenox Aves. 111TH ST. FLAGGING AND CURBING, south side, commencing at 5th Ave. and extending eastward about 100 feet. 111TH ST. PAVING, between 7th and Manhattan Aves. 112TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from Riverside Drive to Boulevard. 120TH ST. BASIN, north-west corner of Sylvan Pl. 142D ST. BASIN, between Hudson River and Boulevard. 146TH ST. PAVING, from the Boulevard to N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad tracks, and laying crosswalks. 147TH ST. PAVING, from the Boulevard to the N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad, and laying crosswalks. 158TH, 159TH AND 160TH STS. FLAGGING AND CURBING, between Amsterdam and 11th Aves. 168TH ST. BASIN, northwest corner of Amsterdam Ave. 168TH ST. BASIN, southwest corner of Amsterdam Ave. 17TH ST. SEWERS, between Amsterdam Ave. and Kingsbridge Road, with curves in 11th and Audubon Aves. ST. NICHOLAS AVE. SEWER, east side, between 137th and 141st Sts. ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, between 127th and 130th Sts. ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND BUILDING RETAINING WALLS, from the south side of 130th St. to its junction with Convent Ave.

16TH WARD.—13TH AVE. PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from the north side of 16th St. to the north side of 17th St. 15TH AVE. BASINS, on the northeast and southeast corners of 17th St.

19TH WARD.—1ST AVE. SEWER, between 47th and 48th Sts. 46TH ST. CURBING AND FLAGGING, in front of Nos. 310 to 326 East 46th St. 84TH ST. FLAGGING AND CURBING, in front of No. 425 East 84th St.

22D WARD.—73D ST. BASINS, northwest and southwest corners of Amsterdam Ave. 79TH ST. SEWER, both sides, between West End Ave. and the Boulevard. 84TH ST. FENCING, south side, between Amsterdam Ave. and the Boulevard.

23D WARD.—BREMER AVE. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Jerome Ave. to Birch St. FULTON AVE. BASIN, southeast corner of 168th St. JEROME AVE. BASINS, on the southeast corner of 164th and 165th Sts.; also, BASINS on the northeast and southeast corners of McClellan St. MONROE AVE. SEWER, between 173d and Belmont Sts. PROSPECT AVE. BASINS, northwest corner of Dawson St. WILLOW AVE. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between 138th St. and the Bronx Kills. 138TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from the Southern Boulevard to Locust Ave. 160TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from Railroad Ave. west to Morris Ave. 167TH ST. SEWER, between Jerome and Gerard Aves. 169TH ST. SEWER, between Intervale Ave. and 167th St. 169TH ST. SEWER, from the west house line of Franklin Ave. to the summit in 169th St., east of Franklin Ave.; also, SEWER, in Franklin Ave., from 169th St. to the summit north of 169th St.

25D AND 24TH WARDS.—PLIMPTON AVE. SEWER, between Boscobel Ave. and Orchard St. 24TH WARD.—LORILLARD PLACE SEWER, between Pelham Ave. and East 189th St. 176TH ST. BASINS, on the northeast and southeast corners of Jerome Ave.; also, BASIN, on the west side of Jerome Ave., opposite 176th St. 194TH ST. SEWER, between Webster and Marion Aves., with branch SEWER in Decatur Ave., extending from 194th St. to the street summit north of 194th St. 195TH ST. SEWER, between Webster and Decatur Aves., with branch SEWERS in Decatur Ave., extending from 195th St. to the summit north and south of 195th St. WEBSTER AVE. BASINS, northwest corner 183d St., and opposite Depot Square, south

ASHBEL P. FITCH, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, May 17, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 15th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) confirmation by the Sup ing in the Bureau for ments, etc., of the ass quiring title to the foll nues in the respective

23D WARD.—GRA: 167th St. to East 168th

23D AND 24TH W from Kemp Place to

24TH WARD.—CL: ter Ave. to Bronx Eastchester Ave. to

Ave., from Eastch Ave. OPDYKE AVE., the Bronx River. VER. Ave. to the northern bo York.

ASHBEL. City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, May 18, 1897.



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